Meet me by Moonlight ALONE.

Meet me by moonlight alone,
And then I will tell you a tale,
Must be told by the moonlight alone,
In the grove at the end of the vale.
You must promise to come—for I said,
I would show the night flowers their queen—
Nay, turn not away thy sweet head,
'Tis the loveliest ever was seen—
Oh! meet me by moonlight alone.

Daylight may do for the gay,
The thoughtless, the heartless, the free,
But there's something about the moon's ray,
That is sweeter to you and to me.
Oh! remember—be sure to be there,
For though dearly a moonlight I prize,
I care not for all in the air,
If I want the sweet light of your eyes.
So meet me by moonlight alone.

How Dear to Me the Hour!

Air—"The twisting of the rope."

How dear to me the hour when daylight dies,
And sunbeams melt along the silent sea—
For then sweet dreams of other days arise,
And memory breathes her vesper sigh to thee.

And as I watch the line of light that plays
Along the smooth wave toward the burning west,
I long to tread that golden path of rays,
And think 'twould lead to some bright isle of rest.

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